



Roger and Peggy.

A New SONG

Tune—Time enough Yet.

LAST May-day full drest in my holiday cloaths,
To walk in the meadows at five I arose;
Bless my stars! when come there, how surpris'd was I,
To find waiting for me, young Roger so fly.
To find waiting, &c.

Well, thinks I, a good face on the matter I'll set,
For I find 'tis in vain, for to frown or to fret;
The dear youth told his tale, with so moving a grace,
That I really resolv'd to pity his case.
That I really resolv'd, &c.

All the while he was talking I stood like a post,
Just as tho' I had seen my old grandmother's ghost;
But when it was over so pleas'd was I,
That I told him I'd have him, would mother comply.
That I told him, &c.

This pleas'd the dear swain, to my mother he ran,
And thus to the old lady his suit he began:
Dear madam, I've of you one favour to beg,
Which I hope that you'll grant, 'tis your daughter
dear Peg.
Which I hope, &c.

Why Roger, my mother thus to him reply'd,
If Peggy'll consent, and you'll make her your bride,
You shall freely have mine, and I likewise declare,
Let me die when I will, that I'll make you my heir.
Let me die, &c.

Swift as lightening to me he flew back with the news,
Nor left me one moment upon it to muse;
But that very morn to church with him I went,
And the priest join'd our hands to our mutual content,
And the priest, &c.